Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a young *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?
Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kild? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet reuenge growes harsh.
Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.
Em. Ahlas, what cry is that?
Oth. That, what?
Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe.
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet mistresse speake.
Des. A guiltlesse death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Des. Nobody, I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *She dies.*
Oth. Why how should she be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.
Em. She sayd so, I must needs report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyer gone to burning hell,
T'was I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker deuill.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Em Thou doest bely her and thou art a deuill.
Oth. She was false as water.
Em. Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
Em. My husband:

Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That she was false to wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,
If heauen would make me such another world,
Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,
I'de not haue sold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deedes.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.
Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath made mockes with loue:
My husband say that she was false?
Oth. He woman, I say thy husband; dost vnderstand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.
Em. If he say so, may his pernitious soule
Rot halfe a graine a day; he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.
Oth. Ha?
Em. Doe thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as durt; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, Ile make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gragantio, Iago, *and others.*
Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?
Em O, are you come *Iago?* you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false;